



BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE

# B.P.R.D.

\$2.99

#1

# 1946



Mike  
**MIGNOLA**

Joshua  
**DYSART**

Paul  
**AZACETA**



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*Created by Mike Mignola*

# 1946

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⟨WHERE  
IS MY  
FAMILY?!⟩



AHHH!



⟨DEAR LORD, I  
HOPE WE KNOW  
WHAT WE'RE  
DOING.⟩





BERLIN, 1946.

AMERICAN  
SECTOR.


IT'S HEARTBREAKING,  
YOU KNOW? I MEAN  
YOU CAN PRACTICALLY  
SMELL THE  
HUNGER.

EVEN AFTER  
EVERYTHING THE  
KRAUTS DID, IT'S STILL  
HARD TO SEE HUMAN  
BEINGS LIVE LIKE  
THIS.



HOMES ARE MINCED,  
GOT NO HEAT, THE  
PLACE IS DRIPPIN' WITH  
DISEASE, AND NOBODY  
CAN GET A FAIR SHAKE  
'CAUSE THE BLACK  
MARKET IS KING.

IT'S DOWNRIGHT  
IMMORAL WHAT  
I'VE SCORED  
WITH A PACK A  
CIGARETTES  
HERE.



I KNOW THIS ONE  
GUY, GOT HIMSELF A  
WHOLE PIANO FOR  
TWELVE CARTONS OF  
LUCKY STRIKES. YOU  
BELIEVE THAT?

WHAT ARE  
THOSE KIDS  
DOING?



PICKING UP  
RUBBLE IN  
EXCHANGE  
FOR FOOD  
RATIONS.





THEN  
THERE'S THE  
RUSSIANS. THEY  
ROLLED IN HERE  
LIKE WILD  
ANIMALS.



RAPE  
GANGS BUSTING  
INTO APARTMENTS,  
COLLECTING  
"REPARATIONS," KILLING  
KIDS. JUST PLAIN  
CRAZY.



PERHAPS  
THEIR  
BEHAVIOR IS  
SOME SYSTEMIC  
EXTENSION OF  
STALIN'S OWN  
THUGGERY.

UH...YEAH,  
"PERHAPS."  
BUT IF YOU ASK  
AN IVAN...



...HE'LL  
JUST CALL  
IT PAY-  
BACK.





PROFESSOR...  
BRUT-TEN...  
UHM...

IT'S PRONOUNCED,  
"BROOM,"  
COLONEL. TREVOR  
BRUTTENHOLM.



THIS IS MY  
COLLEAGUE  
AND ASSISTANT,  
DR. HOWARD  
EATON.

HOW  
ARE YOU,  
SIR?



HAVE A SEAT, GENTLEMEN.  
I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE  
SENT HERE BY PRESIDENT  
TRUMAN HIMSELF.

I HAVE  
TO ADMIT,  
I'M NOT  
FAMILIAR WITH  
YOUR BRANCH,  
THE, UH...  
B.P.R.D.



OFFICIALLY, WE'RE  
ONLY TWO YEARS OLD.  
HEADQUARTERED AT THE  
AIR FORCE BASE IN  
NEW MEXICO.

THE PLACE WAS A BIT  
OF A ZOO DURING THE  
WAR, WITH ALL THE  
FLYBOYS AND P.O.W.s,  
BUT THANKFULLY IT'S  
SETTLED DOWN  
QUITE A BIT.



UH-HUH.  
AND WHAT  
EXACTLY DO YOU  
PLAN TO DO  
HERE?

WELL,  
YOU MUST BE  
AWARE THAT  
SINCE THE FALL  
OF BERLIN...



"ALLIED SOLDIERS HAVE  
BEEN UNCOVERING  
SOME...WELL...RATHER  
AMBIGUOUS THINGS."

CRUNK







"SENSITIVITY" IS THE WORD, GENTLEMEN. THE RUSSIANS JUST PUT A HARD-LINE MARSHAL IN CHARGE HERE.

HE'S DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO CUT OFF OUR ACCESS TO INFORMATION IN THE SOVIET SECTOR.



TENSIONS ARE HIGH, AND I'M NOT ENTIRELY COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF SOME EGGHEADS STIRRING THINGS UP OVER A BUNCH OF HOODOO CRAP, EITHER. NO OFFENSE.

ALL WE WANT TO DO IS DIG THROUGH FILES, COLONEL. WE'RE HARMLESS, I ASSURE YOU.



WELL, THE SPY BOYS AT S.S.U. TELL ME THE RUSSIANS HAVE THEIR OWN OCCULT PEOPLE HERE ALREADY.

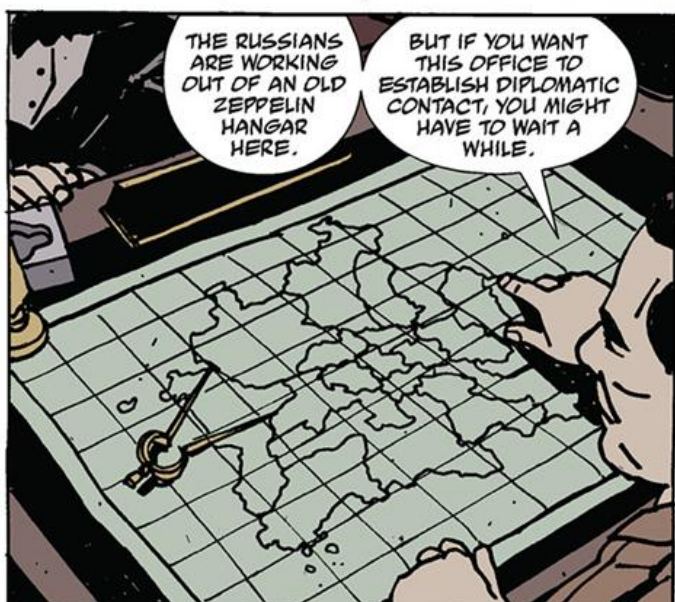
THEY PICKED THROUGH A HELL OF A LOT OF THE STUFF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BEFORE WE EVEN ARRIVED.



BEST I CAN DO IS GRANT YOU ACCESS TO SOME GERMAN MILITARY EXPENSE REPORTS DATING BACK TO '37.

I SEE.

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO MEET WITH THE SOVIET TEAM?



THE RUSSIANS ARE WORKING OUT OF AN OLD ZEPPELIN HANGAR HERE.

BUT IF YOU WANT THIS OFFICE TO ESTABLISH DIPLOMATIC CONTACT, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE.



SO ARE WE DONE HERE?

ONE LAST THING.

COULD YOU SPARE ME A SMALL TEAM? ADMINISTRATION WORKERS OR PARALEGALS? PEOPLE WITH EXPERIENCE IN DOCUMENT ANALYSIS?





YOU KNOW  
WHAT WE'VE  
GOT TO SPARE  
HERE IN BERLIN,  
PROFESSOR?

SOLDIERS.

"THERE'S THIS INFANTRY UNIT. BEEN TOGETHER  
SINCE D-DAY. ONLY FIVE OF 'EM STILL ALIVE.


"'BIRD EYE'  
BOB. SUSPECTED  
OF SHOOTING AN  
UNARMED  
WAFFEN-S.S. P.O.W.  
NEVER PROVEN.

"P.F.C. TIM  
CLARK. GOOD  
SOLDIER. BUT  
LOYAL TO HIS  
DEADBEAT  
FRIENDS TO A  
FAULT.

"FIRST  
SERGEANT  
MAES.  
LOOKING AT  
HIS FILE,  
YOU'D THINK THE  
SON-OF-A-BITCH  
WAS BULLETPROOF.

"PRIVATE  
DICKIE  
ASH. HAS AN  
IRRATIONAL  
PHOBIA OF  
BODY ARMOR.

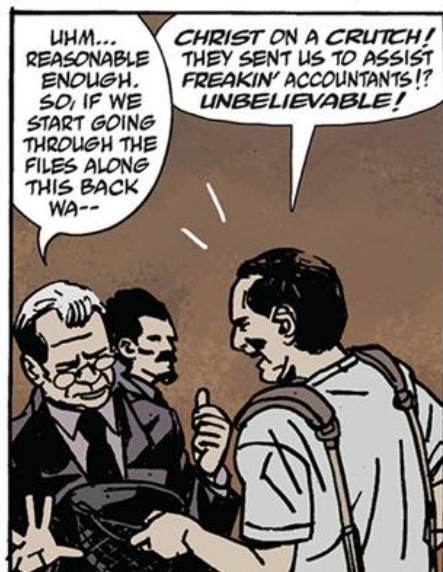
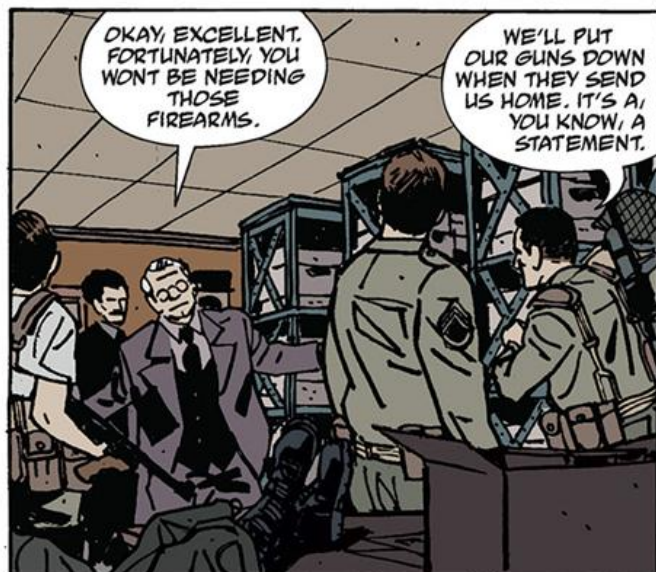
"AND  
PRIVATE  
STEINER.  
DEMOTED  
DUE TO  
NARCOTICS  
POSSESSION.



"THEY AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT  
NOT BEING HOME NOW  
THAT THE WAR'S DONE,  
AND THEY'VE BEEN A  
REAL PAIN IN MY ASS...

"SO THEY CAN  
PUSH PAPER  
FOR YOU FOR A  
WHILE."









"WHEN THE  
LITTLE GUY  
CAME THROUGH."

THESE OTHER MUGS  
CAN'T EVEN READ  
KRAUT. SARGE SPEAKS  
ENOUGH TO PICK UP  
A DRUNK GIRL AT A  
BAR, AND THAT'S  
ABOUT IT.

BUT I  
READ AND  
WRITE IT PRETTY  
GOOD. I'LL  
HELP YOU.



PROBLEM  
SOLVED.









MY  
GOD.



WHERE  
DID YOU  
FIND ALL OF  
THIS?

NO QUESTIONS.



I DON'T  
MIND TELLING  
YOU BOYS. I'M  
BEGINNING TO FEEL  
A LITTLE OUT OF MY  
LEAGUE HERE.



I PRESENT YOU  
YARVARA, HEAD OF  
ARCANE STUDIES AND  
ESOTERIC TEACHINGS  
FOR THE UNION OF  
SOVIET SOCIALIST  
REPUBLICS.



WELCOME,  
PROFESSOR  
BRUTENHOLM.  
A PLEASANT  
SURPRISE.



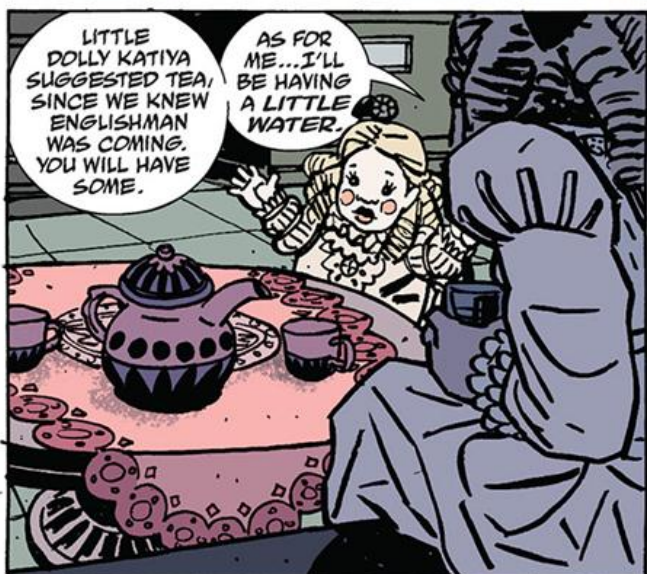


YOUR  
REPUTATION  
PRECEDES  
YOU.

YOU LIKE  
DESK? DA? WE  
TOOK FROM MINISTER'S  
OFFICE. HE HUNG  
HIMSELF ABOVE IT WHILE  
OUR TROOPS PLANTED  
FLAG ON  
REICHSTAG.



I DO LOVE A  
GOOD WAR.  
EVERYONE IS SO  
DELICIOUSLY  
DRAMATIC.



LITTLE  
DOLLY KATIYA  
SUGGESTED TEA,  
SINCE WE KNEW  
ENGLISHMAN  
WAS COMING.  
YOU WILL HAVE  
SOME.

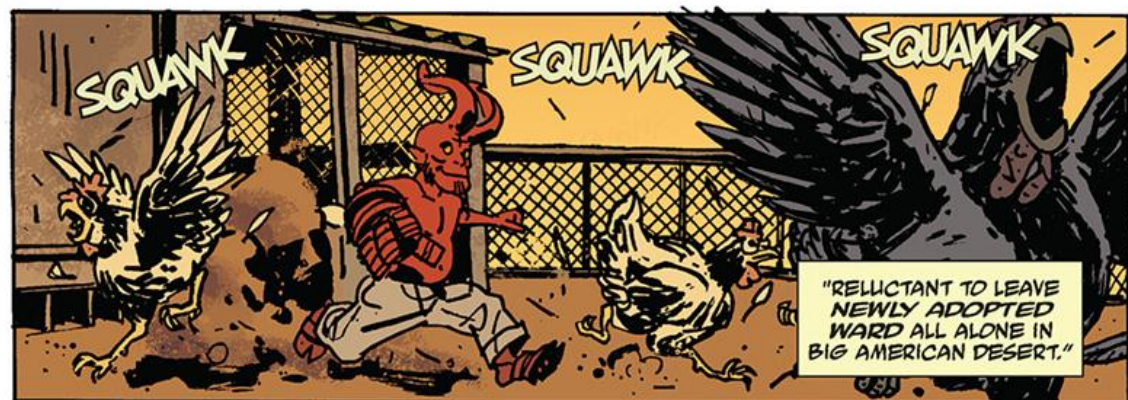
AS FOR  
ME...I'LL  
BE HAVING  
A LITTLE  
WATER.



N-NO, THANK YOU. I'VE  
COME WITH A REQUEST.  
YOUR MONOPOLY ON THE  
DOCUMENTS I NEED, IT'S  
HINDERING  
MY JOB.

YOU'VE  
PRACTICALLY  
TIED MY HANDS  
BEHIND MY  
BACK.











"BEYOND THAT,  
I'M AFRAID YOU  
ARE ON YOUR OWN."

PROFESSOR,  
PLEASE WAKE UP  
CLARK AND TAKE  
THE COT.

YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT  
THAT SAME PIECE OF PAPER  
FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

WHAT?  
OH...SORRY, IT  
JUST...WELL...IT  
SAYS FIVE THOUSAND  
DEWAR FLASKS OF  
LIQUID NITROGEN WERE  
DELIVERED TO THIS  
ADDRESS OUTSIDE OF  
BERLIN IN EARLY  
'45.

PROBABLY  
AN OLD TANK  
FACTORY  
USING THE  
STUFF TO  
STRESS  
STEEL.

SAYS HERE  
THE PLACE IS A  
PSYCHIATRIC  
ASYLUM.

REALLY?  
I SUPPOSE  
THAT IS A LITTLE  
STRANGE.

BEST AS I  
CAN TELL THAT  
INSTITUTION WAS  
ABANDONED  
IN '39.

ABANDONED?

YES SIR, THE PATIENTS  
WERE PUT TO DEATH AS  
PART OF ACTION T.4,  
USING THE SAME TECHNOLOGY  
WE FOUND IN THE CAMPS.  
IT'S JUST HORRIBLE,  
ISN'T IT?



















